

# The Mirror

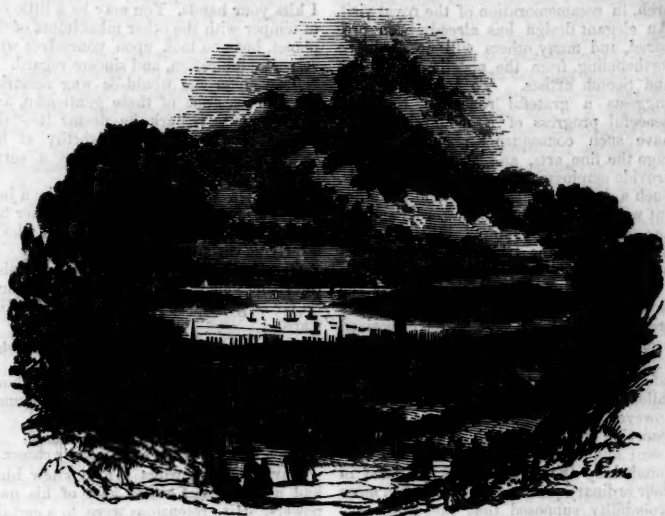
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DUNDEE.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

### THE TOWN OF DUNDEE.

The ancient town of Dundee, has experienced a grateful surprise in being honoured on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Blair Atholl, with the presence of royalty. "At first," says the *Britannia*, "the report staggered the hearers, and, sages, shaking their heads, declared the news to be too good to be true." When the tidings were confirmed, it made a stir indeed. Laurels and evergreens were mercilessly slaughtered, and many cart-loads were brought into the town, for the purpose of supplying such verdant decorations as time would allow the inhabitants to prepare. It was really something like *Birnam Wood* coming to Dundee. Nearly every house was ornamented with laurel wreaths and flowers, nor was this all, many triumphal arches were thrown across the street, in the line of Queen Victoria's in-

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tended route. Dundee instantly became the object of envy to the larger places in its vicinity, who, however, had no great cause to complain of a preference given to a town lying directly in the way her Majesty proposed to travel.

The scene presented in Dundee, will long be remembered: "The provost and town-councillors were on the alert, raising what they called 'fortifications' for the purpose of firing salutes, and furbishing up all the old rusty guns long ago withdrawn from public service. Nothing could exceed their anxiety to do all that devoted loyalty could require. It was proposed to form a sort of civic body-guard for her Majesty, to appear in uniform; but the idea was wisely abandoned. A handsome triumphal arch was erected across Castle-street, and two others on the road to Blair Atholl, and a crimson carpeting laid down along the road by which her Majesty had to walk towards her carriage. Nor was this all; at the entrance to the middle quay, a hand-

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some triumphal arch was erected, in imitation of a free-stone building—in height up to the top of the flag-staff, 100 feet, and 89 feet broad. The centre of these arches, had over them the royal arms, and was inscribed, 'Welcome, Victoria, Prince Albert.'

It now appears that the loyal people of Dundee, are not content merely to "wear these glories for a day." It has been proposed to adorn the old town with a stone arch, in commemoration of the royal visit. An elegant design has already been prepared, and many others will no doubt be forthcoming, from the pencils of English and Scotch artists. To loyal minds, it suggests a grateful reflection, that the peaceful progress of a monarch should have such consequences; should encourage the fine arts, and, at the same time, provide employment for industrious hands. Such a disposition, the noble and the affluent will do well to support. Lord Panmure has set a worthy example, by subscribing £500 towards the triumphal arch, which we may hope to see extensively followed.

Dundee is of great antiquity. By the Romans it was called Tawdunum. The present name it is said to have received from a brother of William I. of Scotland, who built a church in remembrance of his safe return from the crusades, which he called *Donum Dei*, the gift of God. "Dun," however, which begins the names of many places in Scotland, means fort, castle, or town; and as the letters *d* and *r* are confounded by the Highlanders, at least in their ordinary pronunciation, it is with more probability supposed that the word was formerly Dun-Tee, or Dun-Tay, meaning the castle or the town of Tay. It has a harbour capable of receiving a great number of vessels, and much commerce has been carried on in hemp and flax. The salmon fishery of the Tay is of considerable importance, and great quantities of that fish are annually taken, packed up in ice, and sent to London. In hot weather they pickle the salmon to preserve it.

Coarse linen goods are manufactured in Dundee. The town is governed by a provost, bailiffs, and council, like the other royal boroughs of Scotland. Its population has recently been estimated at thirty thousand. It gave a title to the unfortunate nobleman who fell at Killiecrankie, 1689, when it became extinct.

#### THE MAN AT DISCOUNT WITH HIMSELF.

A vain man is a great bore. That is acknowledged on all hands; but he is not the greatest bore in the world. I am much inclined to denounce, as a more formidable

nuisance in society, the man who is at a discount with himself.

Happily the case is not a common one; most happily the vast majority of those we meet in the regions of civilised life, are on good terms with themselves. They indeed have "a crow to pluck" with the rest of the world who are blind to their merit—who have overlooked their pretensions; but that they themselves are destitute of merit never enters their heads. Sweet sirs! I kiss your hands. You may be a little out of temper with the other inhabitants of the planet, but you look upon yourselves with respect, admiration, and sincere regard.

Thereupon the would-be wag remarks, when he sees one of these gentlemen, and a very acute remark he deems it—"the purchaser who took that worthy at his own valuation, would have but a sorry bargain."

The idea thus embodied may be a just one; but for all that, I would rather bid for the vain man, than for the man who is utterly at variance with himself.

Grey-beards very properly admonish the rising generation to eschew arrogance. So far so good. It is not well to be forward.

"Man know thyself; there all true knowledge lies."

But it is not true knowledge to think meanly of one's self under all circumstances. Each may fairly say—

"'Tis hard if all be wrong that I advance:

A fool may now and then be right by chance."

David Dingy, when I first knew him, had a very comfortable idea of his own powers. His pretensions were, to a certain extent, admitted throughout the circle in which he moved. In society, his vivacity made him a valuable acquisition, and he seemed advancing, by the path of respectability, to the confines of independence.

A cloud came over him. His good fortune was interrupted, and calamities, on a small scale, befel him, both on "sea and on land," as he rather poetically expressed it; a barge, in which he was interested, having sunk in the Thames, and a house, in which he had some property, being burnt in the Strand.

The injury which David sustained from these casualties was not to be estimated by the L. S. D. part of the business. That he was so much poorer than before, was not perhaps an agreeable reflection, but by far the worst part of the case was, that from that time forward he thought little of himself: and, in consequence, those who had before had him in great respect, soon learnt to think little, very little, of him also.

He lost his self-esteem by reflecting, that had he been wise, he would on no account have acquired an interest in pro-

perty on the water, of which he knew next to nothing; or have trusted anything considerable in a house in the Strand, of which he knew almost as little. Just at that time some shares in a company, which it was announced, when he first obtained them, would pay an annual interest of cent. per cent., were found to be mere waste-paper. This was what he called "blow upon blow." "I was not made for this world!" he pathetically exclaimed; "all my fellow-creatures get the better of me; all trample on me at their pleasure."

And with this impression on his mind, he made up his face on the most lugubrious model he could discover. He cultivated despondency, and despondency is not often wooed in vain. The stern, obtrusive sorrows of life are so many, that if a man apply himself to fill up the intervals between, with small-weight evils, his heart will never know joy. True philosophy and wisdom, aye, and virtue, concur in taking the opposite course. To make a stand-up fight against affliction is the duty of man. If troubles come on a mortal through his own misconduct, reason suggests that, to cure them, an opposite course should be pursued: if they appear to be imposed by a superior hand, resignation is a duty.

How finely was this exemplified by the martyrs in the middle ages, and often, by the less revered regicides and others who were doomed to a painful and ignominious death. They professed to believe that some wise purpose would be answered by their temporary sufferings, and recalled the more awful pains encountered by the Saviour—the crown of thorns, the torturing scourge, and the horrid suspension on the cross: and bearing these in mind, their own fate was regarded as but moderately severe, and they advanced with a firm step and a joyous grateful spirit, to the stake, the block, or the gallows.

But absorbed by his own annoyances, Mr. Dingy took it for granted that he was the most unhappy being that had ever appeared on this globe, since "the Spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters;" and this, which was at first only imaginary, by dint of imagination became almost realised. His friends, not the mean impostors who always beset a man whose talents or means seem respectable; but those persons who had really a kindly feeling for him, after in vain attempting to rally his energies, thought it charity to themselves, to avoid one whose conversation afforded no pleasure, and no unkindness to him. Though he had ceased to covet their conversation, he was not pleased at their absence, and coldly shunned them in return. This was neither more nor less

than resentment; he fancied that it was dignity.

Having made up his mind that he had no claim to respectful consideration, he was not slow in thinking that all the world had taken up the same idea. If it made him an undesirable companion abroad, it rendered him a gloomy, impracticable tyrant at home. To his wife he was sullenly silent. Did his daughter avoid the piano, it proved that she cared not to soothe him in his distress. If his son indulged in a mirthful strain, it betrayed an utter absence of feeling. When the candle wanted snuffing, he lamented that his eyes failed him; when the fire had got low, all natural warmth had deserted him. Always on the alert to magnify the bad, to overlook the good, and to depreciate himself, he soon found others polite enough to consider him, on the subject of his own waning powers, a very sufficient authority. His feeling soon got abroad. It was universally held that David's capacity had utterly failed him. Those who once admired, now could only pity him. He was not so far gone but it startled him to find that others concurred in the contemptuous opinion he had formed of himself; and he endeavoured to show that they, as well as himself, were mistaken: but though potent to create an unfavourable impression, he found, when it was once established, to remove it was not in his power. The ineffectual attempt caused increased despondency. If he forgot to answer a letter, it proved to him that his capacity had failed; if a button came off his coat, it told that poverty was coming. Distress seemed to threaten in every direction; contempt, he fancied, pursued him from all quarters. All strength of mind, all power of discrimination, all confidence in himself was lost, and he sank into a wretched state of imbecility, from which, after the lapse of a few deplorable years, death gave him a release.

Thus ended the career of one, from whom better things might have been hoped. Had he, in the day of sorrow, roused his energies, and

"Took arms against a sea of troubles,"

they would probably have been dispelled by the effort, and he might again have appeared himself. If we run from a cur, the cur will give chase; and so, if we shrink from the ordinary cares of life, those cares will acquire new strength, and fiercely pursue the shrinking fugitive. Most of those who have greatly risen, are men who, at first, seemed to manifest overweening confidence. It is very possible to think too much of one's self, but it is equally possible to err on the other side; and he who puts himself at a fearful discount, notwithstanding the praises which

moral theorists love to bestow on diffidence, presently sinks even below his own calculation, and finds that, in the estimation of others, he is worth nothing.

The man who is fortunate, affluent of hope, is likely to overrate himself; an erroneous estimate is not desirable, but he is to be envied—aye, even admired—who falls into this common and venial fault, compared with the man, who, because he has experienced many reverses, thinks that of them there can be no end; that they are part and parcel of his proper existence. The one is a soldier, who, being defeated, is not afraid to fight again; he is brave, though unfortunate; while the other is a coward, who, because the battle goes against him to-day, pitifully throws down his arms, and will face the enemy no more.

The beau ideal of a superior mind is, with some critics, the man who possessing genius to astonish the world, appears unconscious that he is other than a commonplace mortal. To look for such a being is to seek

"A faultless monster, that the world ne'er saw."

He who possesses dazzling talent, and affects not to recognize it, is a hypocrite. True it is, that many claim the distinctions due to high qualities, whose pretensions are anything but well-founded; but where talent exists, vanity will also be discovered.

An amusing story is told of the poet Goldsmith. He was looking at the performances of a posture-master, or street-conjuror, who had collected a crowd about him. One of his friends, who saw the doctor, charged him with having indulged in a soliloquy aloud, and to have exclaimed: "What fools these people are, to look with such admiration on a trumpery exhibition of tricks and fancies, while I, a man of genius, am suffered to remain unnoticed." Goldsmith manifested surprise at the accusation. He was not aware that such expressions had passed his lips, but he admitted that something like it was passing in his mind.

Richardson, the novelist, was accused of inordinate vanity. He was fond of talking about his own works, and affectedly, on one occasion, seemed scarcely to listen to a gentleman, just arrived from Paris, who mentioned that he had seen one of his books on the table of the French king's brother, because no one was by to hear the statement; and afterwards tried, but in vain, to get it repeated before a large dinner company. This might not be very high-minded, but neither was it very much the opposite. He believed what had been told, he was humble enough to deem it an honour, and was willing that it should be repeated by him who knew the fact to be true. If he had invented the story himself, the case had been different. Vanity might

be mixed up with his gratified feelings! but without such vanity, he would never have been a distinguished writer.

Dr. Johnson had an abundance of vanity, which for ever shewed itself in his overbearing speech and manner; and he, and every scholar, must know that, in this, he trod in the footsteps of the great lights of antiquity. Look at the magisterial tone of Juvenal, for proof; or read Horace's ode (the last of the third book) in honour of himself. "I," exclaims the latter bard, "have erected a monument more durable than brass, more exalted than the site of the regal pyramids." Not content with saying this, which would have been sufficient to render a modern poet a laughing-stock for his contemporaries, to the end of his life, he amplifies on the grateful subject, and declares, among other things, that his verses shall be read

"Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex."

which was about as good as if a writer of to-day should say: "My poetry will be admired so long as divine worship is celebrated in Westminster Abbey." That would be a pretty long lease. But the prediction of the poet is more than fulfilled. The high priest of Jupiter no longer conducts the silent virgin to the Capitol, but the odes of Horace are admired in every civilised country. Vanity, though odious when excessive, not only may, but must, flourish with superior talent. Without it, no man would aspire. He who really thinks that he is equal to no effort of genius, ought, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, to be taken at his word, and set down for a helpless dreamer.

But for a man thus to deny himself, is ingratitude to Heaven. The wonderful varieties of mind bestowed on the human race, offer an opportunity for all to shine, in some degree, who can bestir themselves with assiduity and perseverance. He who, even after repeated failures, abandons all hope, all confidence, exposes himself to just censure for culpable ignorance, or unmanly pusillanimity.

Away, then, with the folly which would honour a man for dishonouring himself. To deery his own powers, is to assail his understanding: to commit a mental suicide. Give me the sanguine, expectant mind, which, after unmerited failure, can still boldly throw again. He manifests some kindly feeling for his fellows, who supposes that they will yet do him justice; and is worth a thousand of the croaking, sorrowing, misanthropic grumblers, who are guilty of the preposterous solecism of scorning themselves, and at the same time hating the world for doing the same.—  
T. G.

## THE SECRET POLICE OF RUSSIA.

The emperor Alexander, from the respect he had for the rights of his subjects, is reported to have said of himself that he was a "lucky accident." A system of vigilant suspicion, backed by iron-handed power, seems still to prevail in that mighty empire. Such horrors even now are stated to be of no very unfrequent occurrence as shocked humanity under the old regime of France, and paved the way for a bloody Revolution. We are told by "One who has seen, and describes" in a recent publication, of doings which remind us of "the Man in the Iron Mask, and Latude."

He says, there is a lady still living, who was stepping out of her carriage in her ball dress, when she was handed quietly into a sledge—her destination was Siberia. When the long journey was accomplished, she was located—she knew not in what region or government—in a hut, containing two rooms, each divided from the other, and leading into two separate yards, each a few spaces square, and surrounded by a high wall, which only admitted the light of heaven. A sentinel was mounting guard outside the walls; her coarse food was brought by a silent jailor, and here she remained for two years. At the expiration of this term, the door of the yard was one day opened, and a prisoner was thrust into her, who turned out to be a Polish nobleman, who had long been confined in the adjoining cell, but was now removed to make room for another. In this room, or den, she lived with her unfortunate companion for twelve years more, ignorant alike of the spot she was inhabiting, and of the cause of her being banished thither. One morning her door was thrown open, and a voice called for number so-and-so, by which, in the rare intervals of months and even years elapsing between the occasions on which her jailors answered her or spoke to her, they had been accustomed to address her. She stepped forward; the door was closed, without her even having time to take leave of her companion, whom she never saw again; she was hurried into a sledge; she retraced the journey of many months, and one night found herself in the office of the grand master of police; a little cupboard was thrown open, and she was presented with the identical ball-dress which had been taken from her on the night of her exile; the jewels indeed were gone, but there was not a bow, a flower, or a piece of lace of its blackened and faded frippery wanting; even the withered nosegay, and the fan, in which a long generation of spiders or brown beetles had nestled, were carefully restored to her. She was thenceforward at liberty. This lady never knew the cause of her punishment or of its cessa-

tion. "And did you never make the inquiry?" "What, be so long in Siberia, and not yet have learned discretion!" "And what was said on your re-appearance in society?" "Nothing; those who had known me formerly made no comment; to those who inquired, Who is 'Madame'—? where is she from? where has she always lived?" it was simply answered, "Madame—demeure depuis beaucoup d'années sur ses terres."—She has long been buried amidst her estates." It is four or five years since some indiscretion was committed by an individual who had some interest with those in authority, by narrating certain passages connected with the history of the secret associations concerning which the reader will hereafter find some copious details; in a word, he let his tongue run too freely on this dangerous topic. One morning an officer of gendarmerie presented himself in his drawing-room, and, with the greatest urbanity, desired him to follow him to the chancery of Count Benckendorf. When the pale-blue uniform of the officers or privates of the corps, who are the avowed and ostensible sbirri of the secret police, are once seen crossing the threshold, a visit from the angel of death alighting there could cause no greater consternation. He obeyed, as every one must do in such a case, and leaving his family a prey to their terrors, he stepped into a sledge with his dreaded visitant. He did not return that day, nor the next, nor the day following; his relatives were meanwhile assured that he was safe, that he had powerful friends and protectors, and that he would soon be restored to them. Thus six months of anxiety had passed away; towards the middle of the seventh the officer again made his appearance, but in guise as to be hardly recognized by those nearest and dearest to him; his ruddy cheeks were livid, his rotund body was wasted into angularity, the merry sparkle of his eye was gone, and its brightness quenched for ever in his terror. He did not complain of his treatment; on the contrary, it had just been proved to him that it was monitory and friendly. Nevertheless it had reduced him to this condition. He narrated as follows:—Shortly after leaving his home he was placed in a dark apartment. At nightfall he was ironed and placed in a sort of box upon a sleigh, such as is occasionally used in winter to transport prisoners; a grating at the top to let in the faint light reflected from the snow, but allowed no view of the scenery through which the speed of horses was hurrying him the whole night through. An hour or two before daybreak the vehicle stopped; he was blindfolded, and led into a fresh resting-place. Through the whole of the next night he was carried



along in a similar manner, arriving to sleep in a dark dungeon, and being again hurried forward on a road which his fears told him, beyond the consolations of hope, to be that of Siberia. Thus, night after night, and day after day, elapsed; the former in speeding towards the fearful solitude, the latter in reposing as well as he could from the fatigue of his arduous journey. The dark nights became moonlight; the moon rose again, and again the night became moonlight; and he was still forced to hasten on uninterruptedly without having seen one furlong of the way. The faint light of the moonless winter's night, piercing through the narrow aperture which afforded air to the vehicle, now enabled him to distinguish the objects it contained, so well had his eyes become accustomed to the utter darkness in which he was kept during the day. Like all people, too, deprived of vision, after many weeks he learned to substitute for it a sense which the eye-sight often leaves comparatively dormant—that of discerning things by touch and feeling. He had no opportunity of making any observations on the road he was travelling; but the interior of his cage he knew plank by plank, nail by nail, and it might almost be said straw by straw. He therefore, in the darkness of every day, endeavoured to make acquaintance with every fresh dungeon in which he found a night's abode. He was struck with the utter monotony and sameness of these places of relay; he had seen, as all Russians have, the battalions of the imperial guard, where one man, to the very setting of a cross-belt, to the colour of his hair, the shape of his moustache, and to the very expression of his countenance, as nearly resembles each other as peas in one shell; but he was struck, after travelling some thousand versts or two, to find the dungeon resembling another so closely that every brick and stone was disposed precisely like another. At last, upon one occasion, he left a piece of the hard brown crust of his rye bread marked in a peculiar manner with his teeth. To his utter surprise, at the end of his night's journey, he found a crust perfectly similar in the dungeon in which he lodged. He now began to doubt his own senses; sometimes he fancied he was insane; sometimes he conceived the unutterably fearful idea that he was somehow doomed to a dark and unrelieved monotony, which was to extend to the merest trifles, and that this was a means of moral torture, of which, as he approached Siberia, he was experiencing a foretaste. It is strange to say, that with these causes of suspicion, it was not till many weeks after that the thought flashed across his mind—a thought which he discarded as an illusion, but which at last came breaking in

upon him like a ray of light—that he had never moved from the same environs, and had returned to sleep every night in the same spot. Such, in fact, proved to be the case: night after night, for months, he had been hurried along the same road, to return to the same cell. It must be remembered that this was not a punishment, but only a friendly warning, to deter a man in whom some in power felt an interest from incurring it.

## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

*Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.*

### CHAPTER XIX.—THE INTERVIEW.

When Adrienne entered the saloon, Agricola was examining a magnificent silver vase, which bore the words, "Jean Marie, working chaser, 1823." Adrienne trod so lightly that she had approached the blacksmith without his being aware of it.

"Is not that a handsome vase, sir," she said, in a silver-toned voice.

Agricola started, and replied, in confusion, "Very handsome, Mademoiselle."

"You see that I am an admirer of what is just and right," said Adrienne, pointing to the words engraved on the vase. "A painter puts his name to a picture, a writer to his book, and I hold, that a workman, who distinguishes himself in his trade, should put his name to his workmanship. When I bought this vase, it bore the name of a wealthy goldsmith, who was astonished at my fantasies, for I caused him to erase it, and to insert that of the maker of this wonderful piece of art, so that if the workman lack riches, his name, at least, will not be forgotten. Is this just, sir?"

"As a workman, Mademoiselle, I feel sensible of this act of justice."

"A skilful artisan merits esteem and respect. But take a seat, sir." Seeing Agricola hesitate, Adrienne added, pointing to little King Charles, "That poor little creature bears testimony of the obligation I owe you, but I have a presentiment that you will find me of service."

"Mademoiselle," said Agricola, encouraged by the generous conduct of the young lady, "My name is Baudoin; I am a blacksmith at M. Hardy's, at Plessy. Yesterday you offered me your purse, and I refused it; I come to-day to ask ten times, perhaps twenty times, the sum that you so generously offered me yesterday. I have a good mother, who, in her youth, ruined her health in bringing me and a foundling up, whom she adopted. At present it is my turn to support her, and it is what I

happily do; my labour, however, only accomplishes that, and if I cannot work my mother will be left without resources. If I had only my mother to think of, it would not matter so much, because she is esteemed and loved by all her neighbours, who would assist her; but my father has just arrived from Siberia. We have not seen him for eighteen years. He remained there from devotedness to his old general, now Marshal Simon."

"Marshal Simon!" exclaimed Adrienne, "he married a relation of ours."

"How fortunate!" cried the blacksmith; "then the two daughters, whom my father brought from Russia, are your relatives."

"Has the Marshal two daughters?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle; two little angels, about fifteen years of age, twins, who resemble each other so much that the one is often taken for the other. Their mother died in exile, and all that she possessed was confiscated. From the heart of Siberia my father brought the two orphans. You would scarcely believe it, Mademoiselle, but he has the heart of a lion with the tenderness of a mother."

"And where are these poor children?"

"At our house. It is this that renders my position so embarrassing. It is not that my labour would not suffice for all; but if I am arrested."

"Arrested—how arrested?"

Agricola drew the anonymous letter from his pocket, and gave it to Adrienne, who, after reading it, demanded if the song of the "Workman's Rights" was dangerous or hostile.

"O no, Mademoiselle. I am fortunate enough to be employed by M. Hardy, who does everything to render his workmen happy and comfortable. This song extols the happiness of our workmen, and speaks warmly of the mass of poor labourers who suffer in silence; but you know, Mademoiselle, that at this time there are many criminated and imprisoned on very slight suspicions. If such a misfortune should happen to me, what would become of my mother, my father, and the two poor children, who must remain with us till Marshal Simon's return. Thus, Mademoiselle, I come to ask you, in case of my arrest, if you will become my security, so that I may not leave the shop; then my work will do for all."

"Ah!" said Adrienne, cheerfully, "this matter can easily be settled. Henceforth, sir, your poetical inspirations must breathe happiness, not chagrin. Sad muse! In the first place, I will become security for your appearance."

"O, Mademoiselle, you have saved us."

"It happens that our family doctor is very intimate with one of the ministry. It is natural that those who possess

too much should aid those who are in want. The daughters of Marshal Simon are our relatives. I shall go for them this evening, as their living with me will put me to no inconvenience."

At this moment the door was suddenly opened, and Georgette stood before her mistress with a frightened air. "O, Mademoiselle," she said, "as I was entering by the garden door, I saw several men with uncouth countenances, spying over the wall. When they saw me, they asked if a young man in a blouse had entered, that his name was Agrioola Baudoin, that they had something of importance to communicate to him."

"That is my name," said the blacksmith; "it is a trick to get me to leave."

"Evidently," said Adrienne; "therefore, we shall play a fair game in tricking them. Unfortunately, I am obliged to go to my aunt's, the Princess de St. Dizier; and what you have told me respecting Marshal Simon's daughters renders my interview with her still more urgent. Georgette will conduct you to a hiding place, which is so admirably constructed, that it sets at defiance the most scrutinising search. Write me your address in this portfolio. Now follow Georgette to your prison, where, to drive away *ennui*, you can invoke the Muses, and present me on my return with a few pretty verses."

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed before Florine entered furtively the chamber of Madame Grivois, the Princess de St. Dizier's waiting-woman.

"Well," said Madame Grivois, on seeing Adrienne's servant.

"Here are the notes," said Florine, "that I have taken this morning."

"When did your mistress enter?"

"She was not out. She went to her bath at nine o'clock."

"How! do you tell me that she was not out all night, and that she did not return at eight this morning?"

Florine, looking at Madame Grivois in astonishment, said, "As I was unwell, I did not know what took place after eight in the evening. I accompanied my mistress to her bath at nine o'clock this morning."

"That's different; you must ask Hebe or Georgette. And what has she been doing this morning?"

"Mademoiselle dictated a letter to Georgette for M. Norval. As I knew all that it contained, I gave it to Jerome to put in the post, while I hastened to write its contents, which I recollected."

"Stupid girl! Why did you not bring me the letter; perhaps it would have been requisite to retain it."

"I thought I was doing right; pray for give me. What I do is painful enough."

Madame Grivois looked at the young

girl, and said, sardonically, "Well, Mademoiselle, you need not continue. If you have scruples of conscience, you are free; you may leave."

"You know very well that I am not free, Madame," said the young girl, a tear starting in her eye. "I am dependent on M. Rodin, who placed me here; and Mademoiselle is so good, so confidential."

"Well, you are not here to extol your mistress. What took place afterwards?"

"The blacksmith who brought back Lutine, came and wished to speak to my mistress, but as I was sent out with the letter, I do not know what she said to him."

"You must find out. Has your mistress been uneasy about the interview she is going to have with her aunt?"

"No; on the contrary, she laughs about it."

"They may well laugh who laugh last; she would tremble, and ask pardon, if she knew what was going to take place. But return to the pavilion; get rid of those scruples of yours, or they may lead you into a nice dance. Try to forget them."

"I cannot forget, Madame, that I am no longer mistress of my own actions."

Florine left the house to go to the pavilion, while Madame Grivois hastened to the chamber of the Princess de St. Dizier.

END OF VOL. II.

### VOLUME THE THIRD.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE PRINCESS DE ST. DIZIER.

Whilst the preceding scene was taking place at the pavilion, other events of a different nature were transpiring at the grand hotel occupied by the Princess de St. Dizier. The elegance of the pavilion contrasted strangely with the sombre interior of the hotel. For some time back, the Princess had given up all worldly splendours, and had surrounded herself with servants up in years, clothed in black, who maintained the strictest silence, and spoke almost in whispers, which gave to this immense habitation the severe aspect of a monastery.

Madame de St. Dizier, in her young days was exceedingly handsome, and had been, during the few last years of the Empire and the first of the Restoration, one of the most fashionable women in Paris, with an active, adventurous, and domineering spirit. Her husband (the Prince de St. Dizier, oldest brother of the Count of Rennepont, Duke of Cardoville, Adrienne's father) never blamed her for her extravagances; as a good, confiding husband, probably he had never perceived them. One circumstance alone may give our readers

an idea of this extraordinary woman, who was only happy in intrigue, whether of a political or of an amorous character.

As the actor, who, before retiring from the stage, on which he has earned his laurels, summons up all his energy, so that his last triumph might add lustre to his previous efforts, so did the Princess de St. Dizier desire to terminate her fashionable career by satiating her vanity to the highest degree. In the society in which she moved, there were often opportunities afforded her for selecting her victims. She encountered a young couple who adored each other, and by means of wiles and stratagem, succeeded in alienating the lover's affections from his young mistress, a charming girl of eighteen whom he adored. This accomplished, Madame de St. Dizier retired from the world amidst the *éclat* of her adventure. After several long interviews with the Abbé, Marquis d'Aigrigny, a renowned preacher, she suddenly left Paris, and went to Dunkirk, taking Madame Grivois alone with her—where she remained two years.

When the Princess returned to Paris she had undergone a complete change. The Hotel de St. Dizier, formerly the seat of festivity, joy, and pleasures, was quiet and austere. Instead of receiving the fashionable world as visitors, she only admitted men known by their *outré* religious principles. Amongst the persons who sneered at the sudden conversion of the Princess, was that charming couple into whose bosoms she had sown discord, but who had become more passionately fond of each other than ever. This reached the ears of the Princess. A short time afterwards a terrible catastrophe happened to the two lovers. A contented, loving, and happy husband, was suddenly disturbed by anonymous revelations. A dreadful tumult ensued: the young woman was lost, and the young man, abandoned by his friends, one by one, without thinking that the Princess de St. Dizier was the originator of all his misfortunes, killed himself in despair. It was often remarked that the favourites of the religious coterie of the Princess attained, with singular rapidity, high positions in society.

The Princess, waiting for her niece, was seated at a large desk, sealing several letters which she had just written. She was then about fifty-five years of age, and was still exceedingly handsome. On first beholding her, one would have been struck with her noble air, and would in vain have sought in that calm countenance, the traces of the extravagances of her past life, and on seeing her so naturally grave and reserved, would scarcely have believed that she was the heroine of so many intrigues.

At this moment Madame Grivois entered, holding in her hand the papers that Florine



had written concerning her mistress, Adrienne de Cardoville.

"Here are the notes, Madame, that Florine gave me this morning."

"I will examine them by and bye. Did she say if my niece was coming? Well, when she is here, you will conduct a person, whom I expect momentarily, to the pavilion. He will take an inventory of the rooms that Adrienne occupies, and you will take care that he omits nothing, for this is of the greatest importance. This insolent and arrogant girl will be humbled, and be forced to demand pardon, and that of me, too."

An old valet entered, announcing the Abbé d'Aigrigny.

"If Mademoiselle de Cardoville comes," said the Princess to Madame Grivois, "tell her to wait an instant."

"Yes, Madame," said Madame Grivois, who, accompanied by the old servant, went out, leaving the Princess and the Abbé together.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE PLOT.

Three months had elapsed since the Abbé, Marquis d'Aigrigny, left the Rue du Milieu des Ursins, on an important mission to Rome. The Abbé, having only arrived that morning, had not yet seen the Princess since his mother's death, which took place at Dunkirk on her estate.

When Madame Grivois and the valet had retired, the Abbé approached the Princess, and, stretching out his hand, said, with emotion, "Hermione, did you not conceal something from me in your letters. In my mother's last moments did she not curse me?"

"No, no, Frederick. Be not uneasy. She asked for you, and when her ideas were confused—when she was delirious, she still called you by name."

"Yes," said the Marquis, "her maternal instinct, without doubt, prompted her to exclaim, 'that my presence would save her life.'"

"I beseech you, Frederick, to forget those sad recollections. The misfortune is irreparable."

"Yes; my conscience ought to be at ease. I was only doing my duty when I sacrificed my mother."

"Without doubt, Frederick, the sacrifice was great; but then look at the reward. What influence! what power!"

"It is true," said the Marquis, after a few moments' silence. "What would one not sacrifice to reign in darkness over the all-powerful of this earth, who reign in broad daylight. My journey to Rome gave me a new idea of our formidable power."

"O yes; our power is great, very great,"

said the Princess; "and that which renders it more formidable and more sure, is its mysterious influence upon minds and upon the conscience."

"Yes, Hermione; I have had a magnificent regiment under my command, and have often experienced the inward joy of a commander whose officers and men fly to the field, attack the enemy, and die, as it were, at his order. Well, at the present time, had though our days be, I feel that there are a thousand times more action; that I have a thousand times more strength, more authority, and more audacity, at the head of our dark and silent band, who think, wish, go, and obey mechanically, my almost unexpressed desires."

"How much you are in the right," replied the Princess with vivacity. "However little we reflect we cannot cast a thought upon the past, but with inward contempt. Like you I often compare it with the present, then how satisfied I feel in having followed your counsels; for, had it not been for you, I would have been playing the miserable and ridiculous part that women, once handsome and surrounded by courtisans, play when advancing in years, and when their beauty is fast fading. What would I have been doing at this hour? Trying in vain to keep around me those ungrateful, selfish men who only esteem women so long as they serve their purposes, or flatter their vanity. Yes, I would have been enjoying the *extreme felicity* of keeping an agreeable house for others; yes, of giving festivals, of keeping an open door to those who would have laughed in their sleeve at my infatuation, and who only would have made my house their rendezvous. What stupidity! To foster the blooming of youth, laughing and amorous, which regards the luxury and *eclat* that surrounds it as the boundary of its joys and insolent loves."

These words were spoken with bitter dryness, while the countenance of the Princess expressed, notwithstanding her invectives on past joys, the most inconceivable envy.

"No, no," she added, "thanks to you, Frederick. After a brilliant triumph, I broke the chain that linked me to a world which would soon have abandoned me, though I had been its idol and its queen for a length of time. Instead of associating with prodigal men, I am now surrounded by those in power; men even, who govern the state, and I am as devoted to them as they are to me. I now only enjoy that happiness of which I had so often dreamt. I take an active part, and have considerable influence in affairs that affect the world at large. Secrets the most serious and important have been entrusted to me. Those who rail against me never escape my hatred, and those who respect

and obey me, I have elevated beyond their hopes and wishes."

"And, still," said the Marquis, with disdain, "there are those who think we have fallen, because we have had our bad days, as if we were not organized for a struggle. The 13th of February is at hand; then we shall re-establish our influence, which was for a moment shaken. I would not have returned so soon had it not been for this great event."

"You know the fatality that seems working against us in this respect."

"Yes, Bodin told me. The arrival of General Simon's daughters and of the Indian Prince. But Rodin is active, and your plan is excellent. The soldier will be from home. The confessor of his wife knows how to act, therefore to-morrow will see them safe enough. The Indian is at Cardoville dangerously wounded. On that score we have time to mature our plans."

"But there are more," said the Princess. "Besides my niece, there is M. Hardy."

"Yes," interrupted the Marquis, "and that miserable vagabond, Couche-tout-nu."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Princess, with an expression of offended modesty.

"We need no longer be uneasy on their account. Gabriel, on whom our hope rests, will not be lost sight of till the great day arrives. It is for us a question of life and death. On my way to Paris I stopped at Flori, where I met the Duke of Orbano. His influence upon the mind of the king is very great, therefore if we gain his interest, we shall have the exclusive privilege of educating the young; but, unfortunately, he puts rather a severe condition upon his services."

"What is the condition?"

"Five million francs, and an annuity of 1,000 more."

"It is, certainly, a great deal."

"And still it is little when we think that once he has set his foot here, the affair of the medals which is more than eight times that sum, will happily be terminated."

"Yes, near forty millions," said the Princess, with a pensive air; "and with that sum which the Order will possess, we will be able to do many great things, as in these times everything is bought and sold."

"Yes," said the Marquis, after a moment's silence, "the 13th of February may be for our power an epoch as famous as that of the period when the council gave us, so to speak, new life."

"Therefore," said the Princess, "we must spare nothing, and must succeed at any price. Of six persons whom we have to fear, it is out of the power of five to injure us. My niece alone remains, and I have been only waiting your return to take final steps in regard to her. Every-

thing is ready, and we shall begin to act this morning."

"Have your suspicions increased since your last letter?"

"Yes, I am certain that she knows a great deal more than she pretends to do, and in that case we cannot have a more dangerous enemy."

"Such has always been my opinion. My instinct rarely deceives me. I am certain that that young lady will turn out a dangerous enemy."

"There is one thing that has taken place which is greatly in our favour. Madame Grivois, in going this morning to tell my niece that I expected her at noon on an affair of importance, saw, or believed that he saw her, enter by the garden-gate."

"Is it possible," cried the Marquis, "are there proofs of this?"

"At present there is no other; but here are the papers which the servant that Rodin succeeded in placing near my niece, has sent me. Perhaps we shall find something that will confirm what Madame Grivois saw."

Scarcely had the Princess cast her eyes over the papers than she exclaimed—"What do I see. The steward of the château de Cardoville in asking my niece's protection, has informed her of the Indian prince's detention. She knows that he is her relation, and she has written to Mr Norval to go by post, and to bring the young prince immediately to Paris. You know he must be kept away at all hazards."

The Marquis became pale, and said, "If this be not a caprice of your niece, it plainly proves that, sending immediately for her relative, she knows all about the medals. Be assured she knows all, and if care is not taken, everything will be lost."

"Then," said the Princess with firmness, "we must hesitate no longer."

A servant here entered, stating that Dr. Baleinier had arrived; also a gentleman whom the Abbé promised to meet at noon.

"Tell the gentlemen to walk in, and when I ring, conduct the doctor hither. After Baron Tripeaud has arrived, the door then is only to be open to Mdlle. Adrienne."

(To be continued).

#### RICHARD THE THIRD NOT GUILTY.

Miss Halsted, in her History, strives to rescue the memory of her hero, from the stains which for centuries has rested on it. She contends that those who have accused him were biased partisans of the house of Lancaster, or misled by popular rumours. She says, "Bernard Andrews, the historiographer and poet laureate of Henry VII, states that 'Richard ordered

the princes to be put to the sword,' a fact that must have been known to the contemporary annalists had a positive order to that effect been given; and Polydore Virgil, who compiled his work under the immediate patronage and at the express desire of the same monarch, after intimating the uncertainty of the manner of their death, states that it was generally reported and believed that the sons of Edward IV were still alive, having been conveyed secretly away, and obscurely concealed in some distant region. Thus it appears, that neither the contemporary writers of the period, nor those who wrote by royal command in the ensuing reign, gave any distinct account of the fate of the young princes: the former all agree that they were imprisoned, and that it 'was commonly reported' that they were dead; but when or how the event occurred, or whether there was foundation for the report, has never been sought to be established, excepting by Sir Thomas More. This historian was not coeval with Richard, he was a mere infant at the time of that monarch's death; but, being educated, as before observed, in Bishop Morton's house, he is supposed to have derived the materials of his history from that personage. But Morton, although coeval with the event related, gloried in avowing himself Richard's bitter enemy. He united with Hastings in conspiring against him as the lord protector, and he goaded Buckingham to open rebellion after Richard was anointed king. He deserted the latter nobleman as soon as he had weaned him from his allegiance; and escaping to the continent, within a few weeks of Richard's coronation, there remained, an exile and an out-law during the rest of his reign. It must therefore be apparent that any information derived from him relative to affairs in England during that period could only be by report; and the colouring which his own prejudice and enmity would give to all rumours spread to the disadvantage of King Richard, would render his testimony not only doubtful, but most unsatisfactory, unless confirmed by other writers, or proved by existing documents."

The commonly received story, she maintains, is so improbable that it cannot be true. She particularly dwells on the startling imprudence ascribed to Richard of writing his wishes, and the subject of the removal of his brother's children. "Would any one, indeed," Miss Halsted asks, "endued with common foresight have risked two letters, which innumerable casualties might convert into positive proof of an act that would bring upon him the hatred of his own kindred and the detestation of the kingdom at large,—the one sent by an ordinary attendant, 'one John Green,' to

Brackenbury, with 'credence also,' commanding that 'Sir Robert should, in any wise, put the two children to death;' the other, by Sir James Tyrrel to Brackenbury, commanding him to deliver to Sir James the keys of the Tower, that he might accomplish the very crime which that official had previously refused himself to perform? It is scarcely within the bounds of probability, unless the letter, and 'credence' were extant, together with the formal warrant which was sent to Brackenbury, justifying him as Governor of the Tower in delivering up the keys of the fortress committed to his charge. 'And has any trace of such a document been discovered?' asks the historian of the Tower. 'Never,' he adds: 'it has been anxiously sought for, but sought in vain; and we may conclude that Sir Thomas More's is nothing but one of the passing tales of the day.'"

#### BEAVERS AS RATIONAL AS MEN.

No naturalist has given so full, so curious an account of that remarkable animal, the beaver, as we find in Captain Marryat's recent publication. Its powers, both of thinking and acting, seem, its size considered, fully equal to those of the human race. Man, in his original state, would have been much puzzled to accomplish such wonders as the poor beaver contrives to manage with his teeth and tail. This will be seen from the subjoined extract:—

"One or two evenings after the message from the fort, Mrs. Campbell asked Malachi some questions relative to the habits of the beaver, as she had heard much of the sagacity of that animal.

"Well, ma'am," said Malachi, 'it's a most reasonable animal certainly, and I will say, I never was tired with watching them; I've even forgot in the summer time what I came out for, from having fallen in with them at work.'

"And so have I," said Martin. 'I once was lying down under a bush by the side of a stream, and I saw a whole council of them meet together, and they talked after their own fashion so earnestly, that I really think they have a language as good as our own. It's always the old ones who talk, and the young ones who listen.'

"That's true," replied Malachi. 'I once myself saw them hold a council, and then they all separated to go to work, for they were about to dam up a stream, and build their lodges.'

"And what did they do, Malachi?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Why, ma'am, they did all the same as Christians would have done. The Inguns say that the beavers have souls as well as

themselves, and certainly, if sense gave souls, the Inguns would be in the right. The first thing they did was to appoint their sentinels to give notice of danger; for the moment any one comes near them, these sentinels give the signal, and away they all dive, and disappear till the danger is over.

"'There are many beasts as well as birds that do the same,' observed Mr. Campbell; 'indeed, most of those are gregarious and live in flocks.'

"'That's true, sir,' replied Martin.

"'Well, ma'am, the beavers choose a place fit for their work. What they require is a stream running through a flat or bottom, which stream of water they may dam up so as to form a large pond of a sufficient depth, by the water flowing over and covering the flat or bottom several feet; and when they have found the spot they require, they begin their work.'

"'Perhaps,' observed Mr. Campbell, 'this choice requires more sagacity than the rest of their labour, for the beavers must have some engineering talent to make the selection; they must be able to calculate as exactly, as if they took their levels, to secure the size and depth of water in the pond which is necessary. It is most wonderful, perhaps, of all the instincts, or reasoning powers rather, allotted to them.'

"'It is, sir; and I've often thought so,' replied Malachi; 'and then to see how they carry all tools about them; a carpenter's basket could not be better provided. Their strong teeth serve as axes to cut down the trees; then their tails serve as trowels for mason's work; their fore feet they use just as we do our hands, and their tails are also employed as little carts or wheelbarrows.'

"'Pray go on, Malachi,' said Mary; 'I am quite interested already.'

"'Well, miss, I have known these little creatures, as they are, raise banks four or five hundred paces in length, and a matter of twenty feet high in some parts, besides being seven or eight feet thick; and all in one season—perhaps five or six months' work.'

"'But how many of them do you reckon are at the work?' said Henry.

"'Perhaps a hundred; not more I should say.'

"'Well; but how do they raise these banks, Malachi?' said Emma.

"'There, miss, they show what sense they have. I've often watched them when they have been sawing through the large trees with the front teeth; they could not carry the tree, that's sartin, if the whole of them were to set to work, so they always pick out the trees by the banks of the stream, and they examine how the trees incline, to see if they fall into the stream; if not, they will not cut them down; and when they are

cutting them down, and they are nearly ready for falling, if the wind should change and be against the fall, they will leave that tree till the wind will assist them. As soon as the trees are down, they saw off the branches and arms, and float the log down to where the dam is to be made; they lay them across, and, as they lay them one upon the other, of course the water rises, and enables them to float down and place the upper ones. But before that, as soon as the lower ones are in their places, the animals go and fetch long grass and clay, which they load upon their flat tails, and drag to the dam, filling up the holes between the timber till it is as strong as a wall, and the water is completely stopped.'

"'Yes,' said Martin, 'I have heard them at night working away so hard, and flapping and spattering with their tails, that I could imagine there were fifty men at work instead of a hundred of those small animals. But they work by day and by night, and never seem tired, till the dam is sound and the work is complete.'

"'But the raising of the dam is only preparatory, is it not, to their building their own houses?' observed Mrs. Campbell.

"'Nothing more, ma'am; and I think the rest of the work is quite as wonderful. As soon as they have dammed up the river and made the lake, they then build their houses; and how they manage to work under water, and fix the posts in the ground is a puzzle to me, but they do fix six posts in the ground, and very firmly, and then they build their house, which is very curious; it is in the form of a large oven, and made of clay and fat earth, mixed up with branches and herbs of all sorts; they have three sets of rooms, one above the other, so that, if the water rises from a freshet or sudden thaw, they may be able to move higher, and keep themselves dry. Each beaver has his own little room, and the entrance is made under the water, so that they dive down to go into it, and nothing can harm them.'

"'How very curious; and what do they live upon, Malachi?'

"'The bark of what we call asp-wood, ma'am, which is a kind of willow; they lay up great quantities of it in the autumn as a provision for winter, when they are frozen up for some months.'

"'Well, but how do you take them, Malachi?'

"'There are many ways, ma'am; sometimes the Indians break down the dam, and let off the water, and then kill them all except a dozen of the females and half a dozen males; after which they stop up the dam again, that the animals may breed and increase; sometimes, when the beaver lake is frozen hard, they break into the beaver-house from the top; when they do that

the beavers all dive and escape, but, as they must come up to breathe at the holes in the ice, they place nets, and take them in that way, but they always leave a sufficient number to keep up the stock; they also take them in traps baited with aspen-wood; but that is more difficult.

"But there is another sort of beaver, ma'am, called the land-beaver, which is more easily taken," observed Martin; "they make holes in the earth like rabbits. The Indians say that these beavers are those who are lazy and idle, and have been driven out by the others for not working."

After reading such a history, the old story of the beaver, knowing that he was chased only for his tail, cunningly bit it off for the hunter, that the rest of his person might be safe, seems hardly improbable.

#### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RODNEY.



*Arms.*—Or., three eagles displayed, purp.  
*Crest.*—On a ducal coronet, or., an eagle rising, purp.

*Supporters.*—Two eagles, wings endorsed, purp., each sustaining with the interior claw a banner of St. George, tasseled, or., the staves enfiled with a naval coronet, of the last.

*Motto.*—*Non generant aquilæ columbas.* "Eagles do not generate doves."

To glorious success in modern warfare, not to remote ancestry, the Rodney family owes its present exalted position. Henry Rodney, Esq., of Walton-upon-Thames, captain of marines, married Mary, eldest daughter, and co-heir of Sir Henry Newton; knight, envoy extraordinary to Genoa, Tuscany, &c., L.L.D., judge of the admiralty, by whom he had three sons. Of these, the second George Brydges Rodney, born 13th February, 1718, having adopted the naval profession, became one of the most distinguished commanders known to the annals of Great Britain. In 1762, he was promoted to the rank of vice admiral, and created a baronet, 22nd January, 1764; in 1780 he was nominated a Knight of the Bath; and elevated to the peerage as baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, county of Somerset, June 19th, 1782, for the

memorable victory he had achieved over the French fleet, commanded by the Comte de Grasse. In 1783, he was granted, by parliament, a pension of £2000 per annum to himself and his successors, for his gallant conduct during the war. The baron died May 21st, 1782, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

George, second baron, was born Dec. 25, 1753; married April 10th, 1781, Anne, daughter of the right honourable Thomas Harley, alderman of London, and grand-daughter of Edward, third earl of Oxford, by whom, (who died August 25th, 1840) he left issue, George his heir, and eight other sons and one daughter. His lordship died January 2nd, 1802. George, baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, County of Somerset, and a baronet, born June 17th, 1782, succeeded as third baron, at the death of his father, January 2nd, 1802; married February 27th, 1819, Charlotte Georgiana, second daughter of Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., of Tredegar, county of Monmouth, by whom he had no issue. Lord Rodney is lord-lieutenant of the county of Radnor, and colonel of the North Hampshire Militia.

#### A FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

One of our passengers, a Colonel W—, had served his country in various climes for thirty-nine years, nine of them in India. His eldest son, following in his steps, had embraced that profession also, and was in the service of the East India Company. His other, and younger son, whom he had sent out to Australia to settle there, was located on a creek, a tributary of the Goulbourn. There it was, after two years' residence, that he perceived his constitution beginning to give way, and his thoughts turned anxiously to the home of his youth; when, being encouraged by his physicians who assured him it was possible he might endure the voyage, he determined to revisit Ireland, set his affairs in order, and expire in the arms of his only daughter, left solitary in the paternal mansion. When on board, during a few brilliant days that we were becalmed to the south-west of New Zealand, supported by his faithful servant, Mickey, he left his cabin, and sat in cheery sunshine on the quarterdeck. Thence we sped along, driven on day after day, and week after week, towards the south pole, and in the rougher weather, the veteran was no more seen. Onwards we went, through the Southern Pacific, sometimes surrounded by numerous and immense icebergs, driven amidst them through storm and darkness—a sublime



but dangerous situation. We were plentifully visited by rain, hail, sleet, and snow, in that wintry region. Again, after rounding Cape Horn, after passing the Falkland Isles, we were approaching the more genial atmosphere of tropical latitudes, and once more the grey-headed warrior, resting his hand on Mickey's shoulder, came forth and basked in the sunshine of the quarter-deck. In that weary, chilly and anxious time, how much he was changed for the worse. Pale, thin and haggard-looking, you felt that he could not survive long. Again he was confined to his cabin, grew gradually worse, and expired on the night of the sixth of June. Intelligence of his death spread swiftly and sadly through the vessel. Early orders were given by the Captain that the whole crew should be neatly dressed and orderly, to attend at noon, the funeral on the quarter-deck. At twelve, the ship's bell was leisurely and solemnly tolled, and four seamen carried the corpse from the cuddy, on a portion of the hatchway, sewn up in canvass, and covered with the ship's colours for a pall. On the gangway, on the lee side of the ship, the body was placed: a numerous and reverent assemblage surrounded it, whilst the beautiful and impressive burial service was most appropriately read by a venerable Scotch gentleman, Mr. Erskine, of Alva.

The morning had been bright, the wind gentle, the sea softly glittering in the sun. Now, in the deep silence, and the sound of that one only solemn voice, the sun, as if purposely, retired behind a cloud—the wind sighed amongst the cordage—the very sea birds, petrels, and albatrosses, seemed to move about the ship on noiseless pinions, in the profound hush of the intensely solitary ocean.

How powerfully was impressed upon us, during this scene, the mystery of Life and Death! Always seemed to me most sublime and touching the Church burial service, even where the stir of life is densest in large towns—solemnly beautiful in the homely rural quiet of country churchyards; but at sea, when human life seems a thing of accident, the plaything of wind and wave—how infinitely more impressive!

At the words, "we therefore commit his body to the deep," there was a sudden motion of the hatchway, a chilling sensation was felt by all present, and the body was launched into the ocean.

A lady on the poop, saw the body float on the water for a moment, then disappear for ever.

Powerfully impressed by the circumstances of this funeral, I composed almost immediately, the following poem:—

#### THE SOLDIER FINDS A SEAMAN'S GRAVE.

Athirst for fame his native coast  
He left for India's burning strand,  
To combat with the alien host,  
With dauntless heart and desperate hand.  
Often he fought, as often he  
Returned with joy that victory gave,  
Who here this day on the lone sea  
Has sunk into a seaman's grave.

When thick the bolts of death were sped,  
Where men in festering heaps were strown,  
Unscathed midst storms of carnage dread,  
He safe returned unto his own.  
Returned with fame to love—to be  
Of love and fame the blessed slave—  
Who here this day, on the lone sea  
Has found at length a seaman's grave.

The honours paid to young and old,  
To warrior's dead, he must forego;  
The drum in mournful measures rolled  
The march, with music dirge-like slow.  
His comrades armed, his charger led,  
Round which war's trappings sadly wave,  
With the last tribute to the dead,  
How different from the seaman's grave!

Beloved was she who hailed him lord,  
And bless'd were those who called him sire;  
The sharers of his festive board,  
The brighteners of his evening fire.  
But years glide on, and fast will flee  
The things we most would bless and save,  
As well he knew, who on the sea,  
This day has found a seaman's grave.

And what are love and fame to him  
Alone upon the sea who dies,  
Where none support the languid limb,  
With none to close the dying eyes!  
His kindred he no more may see,  
Divorced from Love by wind and wave,  
Unmourned, unwept of all where he  
The Soldier, finds a seaman's grave.

#### A LESSON FOR MASTERS.

##### KINDNESS DUE TO SERVANTS.

It is a sad thing for a man to pass the working part of his day with an exacting, unkind, master: but still, if the workman returns at evening to a home that is his own, there is a sense of coming joy and freedom which may support him throughout the weary hours of labour. But think what it must be to share one's home with one's oppressor; to have no recurring time when one is certain to be free from those harsh words, and unjust censures, which are almost more than blows, aye, even to those natures we are apt to fancy so hard to rebuke. Imagine the deadness of heart that must prevail in that poor wretch who never hears the sweet words of praise or encouragement. Many masters of families, men living in the rapid current of the world, who are subject to a variety of impressions which, in their busy minds, are made and effaced even in the course of a single day, can with difficulty estimate the force of unkind words upon those, whose monotonous

life leaves few opportunities of effacing any unwelcome impression. There is nothing in which the aid of imagination, that handmaid of charity, may be more advantageously employed, than in considering the condition of domestic servants. Let a man endeavour to realise it to himself, let him think of its narrow sphere, of its unvarying nature, and he will be careful not to throw in, unnecessarily, the trouble even of a single harsh word, which may make so large a disturbance in the shallow current of a domestic's hopes and joys. How often, on the contrary, do you find that masters seem to have no apprehension of the feelings of those under them, no idea of any duties on their side beyond "cash payment," whereas the good, old, patriarchal feeling towards your household is one which the mere introduction of money wages has not by any means superseded, and which cannot, in fact, be superseded. You would bear with lenity from a child many things, for which, in a servant, you can find nothing but the harshest names. Yet how often are these poor, uneducated, creatures little better than children! You talk, too, of ingratitude from them, when, if you reflected a little, you would see that they do not understand your benefits. It is hard enough sometimes to make benefits sink into men's hearts, even when your good offices are illustrated by much kindness of words and manner; but to expect that servants should at once appreciate your care for them is most unreasonable, especially if it is not accompanied by a manifest regard and sympathy. You would not expect it, if you saw the child-like relation in which they stand to you.—*Claims of Labour.*

### Reviews.

*A Guide to the Ball-room, and Illustrated Polka Lesson Book.*—Mitchell, Red-Lion Court.

A neat little work, beautifully illustrated with wood-cuts, showing the different figures of the Polka, and otherwise admirably adapted to the ball-room. This pretty little compendium is written by "a man of fashion," who seems to have spared no labour in rendering his work interesting, as well as useful. It sets out with a concisely written description of the ball-room at the palace, and at Windsor Castle, gives a slight sketch of Almack's, then descends pleasantly, on the importance of learning to dance. In these, our Polka-mania days, this little work must be highly acceptable to all lovers of the light fantastic toe.

Part I introduces an Essay on Dancing, the characteristics of the various countries,

learning to dance; Part II, gives the etiquette of the ball-room, general rules, hints to ladies and gentlemen; Part III, describes all the quadrilles; while, Part IV, the last, not least, gives the famous Polka, with all its various figures.

### The Gatherer.

*Trial by Jury.*—At the Kent assizes, John Rough was indicted for stealing 60lbs. weight of lead, value 5s., fixed to a church at Swanscombe. The prisoner was arrested the lead on his back, and it was found to correspond with the part from whence it was taken. He admitted to the constable that he had stolen it. The Jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," which appeared to surprise the prisoner as well as every body else in the court. The learned judge said—"Not guilty, gentlemen?" One of the jury—"The prisoner was not seen to steal it, it was only found upon him." "Why, gentlemen, he acknowledged it," said his lordship. He added, "Prisoner, the jury must think you a very bad fellow, for they won't believe you."

*The Mechanical Arts in China.*—The western mountains in the neighbourhood of Peking are remarkable for the coal which they enclose. So abundant is it, that a league cannot be traversed without meeting with rich strata. Yet, either because of this very abundance, or from the inveterate habit which the Chinese have of leaving all things unperfected, the art of mining is yet in its infancy amongst them. Machinery to lighten the labour is there unknown. They have not even an idea of the pumps indispensable to draw off the water. If local circumstances allow, they cut drainage galleries; if not, they abandon the working when the inundation has gained too far upon them. Their system of ventilation consists in making openings at certain distances, over which they place wheels turned by men; but these wheels, though incessantly in motion, introduce very little air into the mines. The mattock, pickaxe, and hammer, are the mining instruments; a furrow is traced with the pickaxe, the mattock is inserted and driven down with the hammer; and in this manner lumps of coal are detached, weighing from 60lbs. to 80lbs.

*An Odd Fish.*—As a man of the name of Swales was fishing for shrimps in the river Tees, a little below Stockton, he was astonished in finding what he said he conceived to be the devil. The monster in question on opening his capacious mouth presented to the view of the affrighted fisherman a double row of teeth, sharp as a needle, and strong. On its head a

couple of horns were placed; on either side a couple of fins, together with a pouch or side pocket. Its length was nearly a yard, and its weight, as he supposed, upwards of 40lb. During his temporary absence from his boat, in which his Satanic majesty was left, some sail-cloth weavers entered, and very unceremoniously deprived his highness of his antlers, ripped open his paunch, and took from its cavity some 8lb. or 10lb of haddocks, dabs, &c. On the "strange fish" being examined by some naturalists, it proved to be the *Platy-stachus chaca*, not often seen in our rivers, but one of the most voracious of the finny tribe.

*Modern Sabine Ladies.*—Spanish females, captured by the American Indians, often prefer remaining with their new masters to their former friends. Gregg mentions some cases of this sort. He says, "One woman, I observed, who, from certain peculiarities of features, struck me very forcibly as not being an Indian. In accordance with this impression, I addressed her in Spanish, and was soon confirmed in all my suspicions. She was from the neighbourhood of Matamoras, and had been married to a Comanche since her captivity. She did not entertain the least desire of returning to her own people. Similar instances of voluntary captivity have frequently occurred. Dr. Sibley, in a communication to the War Department, in 1805, relates an affecting case, which shows how a sensitive female will often prefer remaining with her master, rather than encounter the horrible ordeal of ill-natured remarks to which she would inevitably be exposed on being restored to civilized life. The Comanches some twenty years previous, having kidnapped the daughter of the governor-general of Chihuahua, the latter transmitted 1000 dollars to a trader to procure her ransom. This was soon effected, but to the astonishment of all concerned, the unfortunate girl refused to leave the Indians. She sent word to her father, that they had disfigured her by tattooing; that she was married, and perhaps *enceinte*; and that she would be more unhappy by returning to her father under these circumstances than by remaining where she was."

*Smoking Beauties.*—Of all the vices practised by the New Mexicans, the *vicio inocente* of smoking among ladies, is the most intolerable; and yet it is a habit of which the loveliest and most refined equally partake. The *puro* or *cigarro* is seen in the mouth of all: it is handed round in the parlour, and introduced at dinner table—even in the ball-room it is presented to ladies as regularly as any other species of "refreshment;" and in the dance the senorita may often be seen whirling round with a lighted *cigarrito* in her mouth.

*Anti Scorpion Association.*—At Mexico it is difficult to keep the scorpions away from beds at night, and a society has been formed, who offers a reward of three cents for every one of these creatures taken or destroyed. The boys are, consequently on the look out for them, and immense numbers are killed. The body of this insect is of the bulk of a medium spider, with a jointed tail one to two inches long, at the end of which is a sting whose wounds are poisonous as often to prove fatal to children, and are very painful to adults.

*Mina's Widow.*—Captain Widdrington lately visited the countess of Mina, the governess of the young queen of Spain. He thus describes her:—"Her stature is rather below the middle size, and her person stout, with an abundance of the blackest hair simply dressed; eyes very large, dark and fuller than usual even in this classic land of them, and beaming with intelligence. Her forehead and lower part of the face are remarkable for their development, and an admirable study for the phrenologists, who would pronounce them models as indicating firmness of character. Her constant costume is the deepest black, which completely covers her person, and when she accepted the appointment it was stipulated that she should never be required to lay it aside. [Is it possible that this everlasting mourning should have been worn for that ruthless savage—the murderer of prisoners in cold blood.]

*English Law.*—There are, at the present moment, no less than 1,540 statutes in force. Of 376 which are repealed, or said to be repealed by implication, or said to be obsolete—that is, never acted upon—there are 142, which it is doubtful, whether they are repealed, or in force! This comprises the statute law only, but the unwritten or common law, regulates three-fourths of our jurisprudence.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say we cannot give "Searcher" the information he wants. The poem cannot be from a very celebrated hand.

"The Mother and Child," "An Apostrophe to the Ocean," "A Thought," and "Lines on the death of a Canary Bird," we are obliged to decline.

"Mr. Jackson's Toe-nail" is amusing, but the sender gives no reason for republishing that which has graced most of the jest books produced within the last half century.

"The Wars of Wamba" are so enormously spun out that our humane readers would be shocked by the apprehension that they would never end. Our narrow limits compel us to defer many articles intended for insertion. This must be our apology to several correspondents who will not find their contributions in the present number.

"Thoughts in a Cemetery" are rational but not striking. The theme might have furnished illustrations of stirring interest, which the writer has neglected to seize.

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